

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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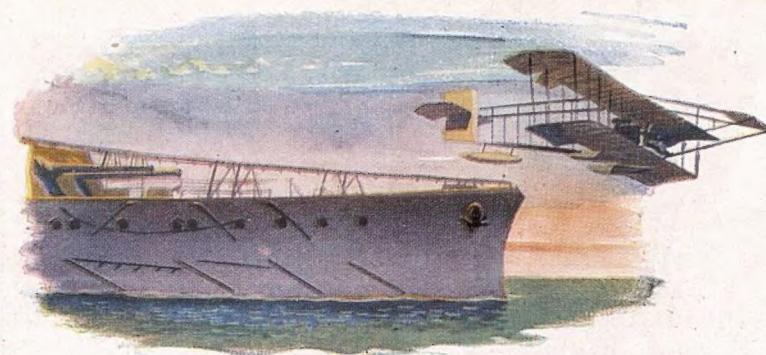
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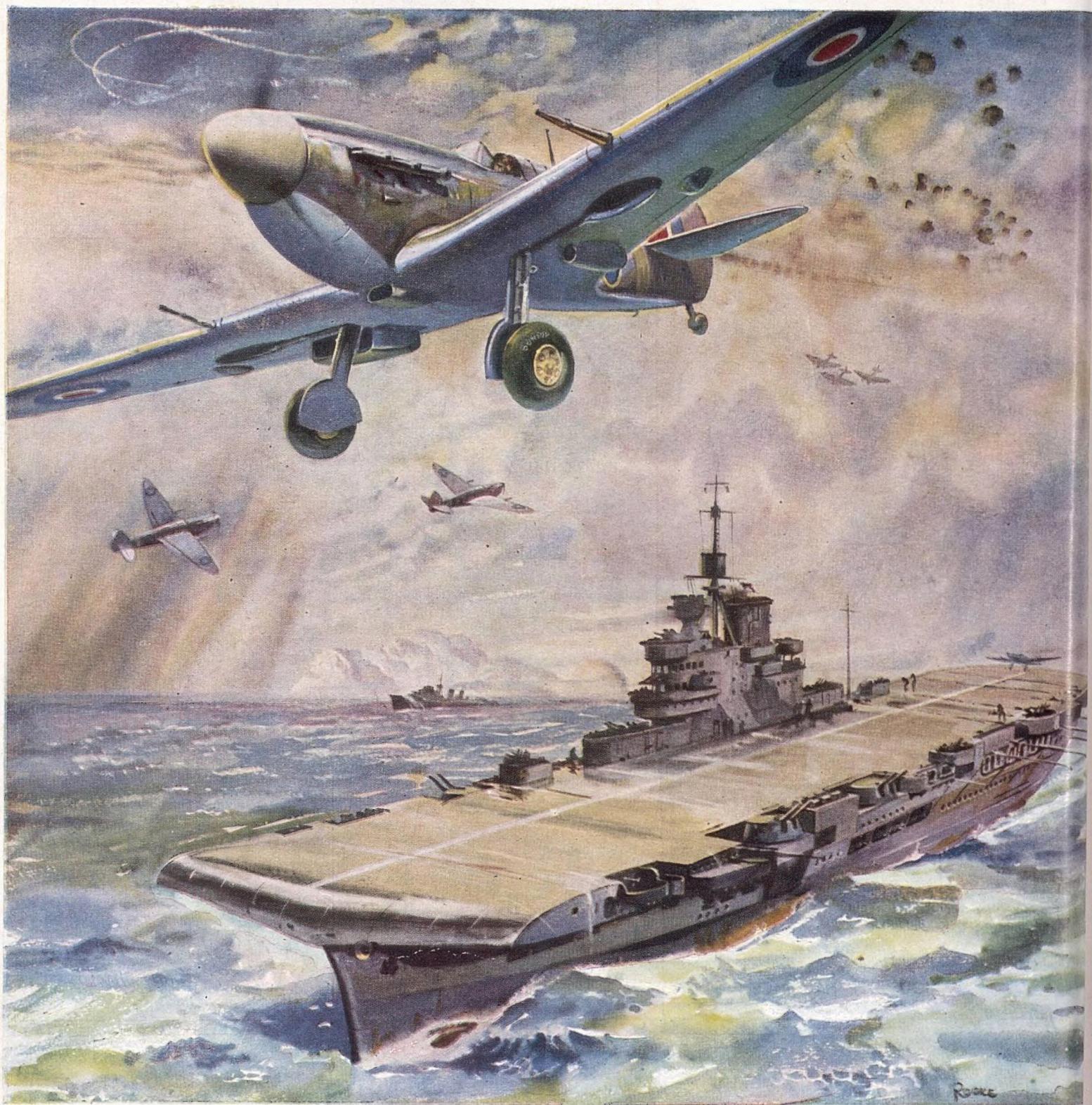
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LONDON

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and BYSTANDER

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Bertram Park

A Journalist of Note: Lady Patricia Ward

Lady Patricia Ward, the Earl of Dudley's youngest sister, has chosen a journalistic career, of which she is making a great success. She was for some time on the staff of a well-known fashion paper, since when her work as a newspaper reporter has taken her on many interesting and exciting wartime tours of England and Ireland. Lady Patricia was chosen to accompany the Duchess of Kent to Australia as Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness, when the late Duke was prevented by the outbreak of war from taking up his appointment as Governor-General of the Dominion. Her two brothers, the Hon. Edward and the Hon. George Ward, are both serving in the R.A.F.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Assurance

THE pursuit of the Germans into Rumania is an indication of the determination of the Russians to impose a military rout on Hitler and to secure Germany's capitulation before, or even at, Berlin. It was left to M. Molotov, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, to tell the world that Russia was marching over foreign soil in pursuit of the enemy. This was an announcement of the greatest importance, for it gave the first clear indication of Russia's intentions.

There were not a few people who had been wondering what might be Marshal Stalin's policy once he had cleared the Germans out of Russia. Some had imagined that he might hold his troops at the State border. But these people had forgotten the temper of the Russian people and the precedent of history. It must not be forgotten that the Russians followed and

ago the Germans may have withdrawn a large number of divisions from the Eastern Front to concentrate them in the West. They may have argued that the Russians would be held up by weather conditions for a sufficient period to enable them to resist the Anglo-American invasion forces or impose such a defeat on them in the early stages of the landings which would be sufficient to impress the Russians.

But the facts are that the Russians have not been stopped by weather conditions. They have overcome almost all natural obstacles to fulfil a miracle of strategy which obviously the German General Staff never believed possible. Instead of the Russians moving slowly and with difficulty they have advanced at such a rate that the Germans must wonder how and when they can stop them. The Germans are, in fact, caught between two

offensive. It continues with increasing intensity as the prelude to a heavier blow or series of blows which may come at any moment. Hitler and his generals must see the approach of their doom. The war on two fronts which every German strategist for years past has argued must be avoided at all costs, is developing to the defeat of Hitler. Will he try to save himself by political cunning, or will he fight to the bitter end as did Frederick the Great when he was encompassed by all his enemies? This is a question which in the next few weeks and months will surely be answered.

Diplomatic

As they have driven the Germans across the Rumanian frontier, the Russians have driven a hard diplomatic bargain with Japan. They have compelled Japan to agree to the liquidation of their oil and coal concessions in northern Sakhalin. This is a victory for power politics. The Japanese would not have agreed to forgo these concessions unless they were now certain that Germany is on the eve of defeat and that their own position is steadily growing worse under the impact of Anglo-American strategy in the Pacific.

Japan, in my opinion, is already in search of a way out of the war. Her first object is to placate Soviet Russia, and improve her relations with this victorious power at a



Leaving a Palace Investiture

Commodore Humphrey Jacomb was recently decorated with the C.B.E. for distinguished services since the outbreak of war. As commander of one of our largest capital ships for more than two years, Commodore Jacomb took part in some of the most vital naval actions of the war. He is seen leaving Buckingham Palace with Mrs. Jacomb (left) and his sister, Miss Jacomb



Congratulations for W/Cdr. Gibson

W/Cdr. G. Gibson, V.C., hero of the Mohne Dam raid, has been adopted as prospective Conservative candidate for Macclesfield. He shook hands with Mr. Garfield Weston, M.P., who has represented the division since 1939, and who does not intend to fight the seat at the next election. In the centre is Mr. W. W. Woods, chairman of Macclesfield Conservative Association

fought Napoleon outside their own country. On this occasion there is a stronger desire for revenge and it is reinforced with the spirit, not only of revenge, but of confidence born of great victories. The confidence of the Russians is obvious from M. Molotov's statement in which he declared that the invasion of Rumania was being undertaken as a military necessity and was in no way aimed at the integrity of the country or its existing social order.

Confusion

THE advance of the Russian armies is a fact which cannot be gainsaid. The position of the Germans is less clear and it is very difficult to pierce the confusion of their situation. A simple explanation might be that they have been caught between their uncertainty about an Anglo-American invasion of the Continent and the strength and purpose and direction of the Red Armies. It is nothing more but a personal theory when I suggest that some time

fires. They must be wondering whether to throw all their remaining forces against the Russians or to continue to pile up large defence forces in the West. The Germans are caught in a state of confusion, if my theory is correct. The withdrawal of many German divisions would explain in part the rapid advance of the Russians, although this does not mean that they are robbed of any of the military glory by this reason.

Dilemma

WHAT can the Germans do? The announced intention of the Russians to pursue them across foreign territory in the confidence of their ultimate defeat must have been a heavy blow to the German General Staff. It is quite possible that they and their politically-minded Nazis may quite well have been under the delusion that Marshal Stalin would halt his troops on Russia's State border. But he has not, nor have the British and American air forces yet reached the climax of their aerial

moment when she might reasonably expect Russia to be preparing to join the Allies to encompass her defeat. As for the Russians, it is quite clear that they are fulfilling a prepared policy to eliminate Japanese influence from the Far Eastern peripheries of Soviet Russia in the same way as she will eventually create a similar defence ring based on political agreements in the West. Thus we see that Russia, as she achieves one victory after another, is shaping by degrees her foreign policy regardless of all consideration.

Prophets

THERE are people who are prepared to go much farther than the Prime Minister in asserting their certainty that Japan's defeat or capitulation is much nearer than most of us realize. Mr. Churchill was careful to say that he now believes that the war in the Far East will be over much sooner than he thought a year ago. There is no doubt that the United States have mustered such great strength that



Princess Elizabeth Visits the Troops

For the first time Princess Elizabeth accompanied the King and Queen on a full-length tour, when they spent two days inspecting troops over a very large area. Scottish troops and armoured and infantry units were among those visited. Above, His Majesty and Princess Elizabeth inspect a R.A.M.C. surgical unit

there is no escape for Japan. She is at the mercy of the combined sea power of the United States and Great Britain, and shipping is Japan's most vulnerable point. In addition American, British, Australian and New Zealand soldiers have now got the measure of the Japanese troops. Their invincibility in the jungle is proving nothing more than a myth.

Loss
THE death of Major-General Orde Charles Wingate was a severe blow to the Allied cause in Burma. He, of all men, had been able to prove that the Japanese were not invincible. He had also achieved by his strategy the power to impose uncertainty on the Japanese strategists. They had come to recognize the superiority of this soldier's courage and his confident application of modern methods to the military art. Major-General Wingate's death is a great loss, for he possessed all the prerequisites of genius, simplicity, religious faith, and the infinite capacity for taking pains. More than anything else it was the spiritual fire which burned

within him which commanded respect from superiors as well as subordinates. It seems tragic that on the threshold of greatness he should die.

Changes

REFRESHED by his overwhelming vote of confidence Mr. Churchill is said to be once more considering the reconstruction of the Government. He had planned this towards the end of the year when, it is assumed with some reason, he had in mind a number of far-reaching changes. His illness supervened and he postponed his plans. It does not seem possible now, in face of the great military events which are anticipated, that Mr. Churchill will undertake any thoroughgoing reorganization. He is likely to be content with a few major changes, and it is forecast that Mr. Anthony Eden will be involved in these and, possibly, Lord Beaverbrook.

Burdens

MR. ANTHONY EDEN has been more overworked than any other minister. Not only has he had the responsibilities of the Foreign



General Paget Examines a Gun

Gen. Sir Bernard Paget, C-in-C Middle East, recently toured the Sudan and Eritrea, where he inspected British and African regiments and military establishments. He was shown a gun of the type which was all that could be provided for our troops at the start of the successful Eritrean campaign

Office, but also the onerous duties of the Leader of the House of Commons and membership of the War Cabinet. Mr. Churchill realizes that this is too much for any one man and, therefore, is believed to favour Mr. Eden leaving the Foreign Office to concentrate on controlling the House of Commons and sitting in the War Cabinet with high rank, such as Deputy Minister for Defence, or as Lord President of the Council. The argument advanced by the Prime Minister's advisers is that under such an arrangement the War Cabinet would continue to have Mr. Eden's advice and experience on foreign policy, which is inextricably bound up with military matters. Viscount Cranborne is being talked about as Mr. Eden's successor at the Foreign Office with Mr. Richard Law as the principal spokesman on Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons. Lord Cranborne is one of Mr. Eden's closest friends. They resigned together from the Foreign Office in 1938 in protest against the policy of appeasement towards Italy which was then being pursued by the late Neville Chamberlain.



Another Montgomery in the News

Lt.-Col. Brian Montgomery, youngest brother of the General, married Mrs. Peggy Margaret McNeice at Caxton Hall not long ago. The bride has been working for some time for the American Red Cross in London. She was attended at the wedding by Mrs. Holderness, sister of General and Lt.-Col. Montgomery



Major-Gen. Wingate's Widow in Scotland

Mrs. O. C. Wingate, widow of Maj.-Gen. Wingate, killed recently in Burma, and her mother, Mrs. W. E. Moncrieffe Paterson, were photographed at Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, her parents' home. Much sympathy will go to Mrs. Wingate on the loss of her husband, whom she last saw in the autumn before his return to India

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Near-Masterpiece

By James Agate

ONE of the extraordinary things about French films is the toy-like quality of the scenery. One never quite believes in those streets, shops, roofs and skylines. Or is it that they are so miraculously photographed that they take on the quality of art? Yet these buildings, all of which bear a faint resemblance to the Noah's Ark of the nursery, are the containers of a humanity of the most extraordinary realism. One never doubts for a moment that these people are alive. They are, as the dramatic critics say, entirely convincing. Compare your Hollywood settings. Of course, that is the authentic Statue of Liberty, and equally, of course, that is the genuine Manhattan outline silhouetted against the sky. One has seen both from the deck of the English boat, and one realizes that somebody brought his camera all the way from Hollywood to New York, and then put out to sea and photographed both that statue and that outline. One never doubts the actuality of those hotels, flats, and backstage dressing-rooms in which most of Hollywood's dramas are set. It is the people in the average Hollywood film who are the dummies.

NOW let us consider the story of *Le Jour Se Lève* (Studio One). Jean Gabin, who is a welder or something of the sort, is in love with Jacqueline Laurent, who works at a florist's. Both are orphans, and there seems no reason why they should not make a match of it, except that Jacqueline is fascinated by Jules Berry, who tours the lesser music halls with a troupe of performing dogs. There is a wonderful little scene in one of these tenth-rate halls with a breath-taking reproduction of a fifteenth-rate singer delivering herself of a patriotic song. But Berry is a professional breaker of hearts and a liar of the first magnitude. Owing to his affair with Jacqueline he throws over his current mistress, Arletty, who is the assistant in his music hall turn. One evening Gabin follows Jacqueline to the dreadful little *boîte* where Berry is performing. He meets in the bar Arletty, Berry's discarded mistress, who that

evening has left her lover. Now follows something which Hollywood would consider wildly improper. Arletty says to Gabin: "Tu me plais. Je te plais. What about it?" Whereupon Gabin starts an affair with the woman pending the time when the girl shall make up her mind.

BUT now Berry, who has seduced Jacqueline, gets wind of the girl's sentiment for Gabin. This leads to a scene of excellent dissembling. "I want you to leave this child alone," says the *roué*, and then extends his blackguardly cynicism to the point of declaring that he is Jacqueline's father. But it is Gabin who is deceived, and not we, because we have already heard of the fellow's magnificence as a liar. This scene is brilliantly played by Berry, with a display of effrontery and *panache* which I must hold to be beyond the compass of any American or English-speaking actor now living. Presently Gabin discovers that Berry's story is a lie. And then the blackguard makes his first mistake. He boasts to Gabin of his success with the young woman. Whereupon Gabin shoots him.

THE whole film is shown in flash-backs. That is to say, we begin with the act of vengeance and are shown the drama as it passes through the mind of Gabin lying on the bed in his garret, while the police outside conduct a siege à la Sydney Street. The whole of this film has a verisimilitude and a reality which are beyond praise. It grips from start to finish, and there is not a foot of waste matter in it. It says what it has to say, and then stops. With the result that its eighty-seven minutes pass like thirty. Indeed one finds one's self watching the clock and hoping the minutes are not slipping by too fast.

THE title of *The Woman of the Town* (London Pavilion) is misleading. So misleading, in fact, that anyone who thinks he is going to see a new Lady of the Camellias, a Third or Fourth Mrs. Tanqueray, or a reproduction of one of those toothsome fly-by-nights with which Mae



Jack London and His Wife

Oyster-pirate, ranch-hand, seaman, sealer, student, gold seeker, Don Juan, war correspondent and professional revolutionist—all these went into the make-up of Jack London, famous writer. The film is based on the book written by Charmian London. London is played by Michael O'Shea, his wife by Susan Hayward

West used to delight us, will be grievously disappointed. For the heroine of this picture does nothing more immoral than perform a song and dance with a minimum of skill in the local music-hall of a small American town in the days of Bret Harte and his roaring camp.

THE roaring camp is there all right. At least, the cowboys gallop at the usual furious speed through the usual clouds of dust, firing the usual guns. They are headed by one King Kennedy (Barry Sullivan), who falls in love with The Lady of the Town, not having seen her music-hall act. He shares his affections, but nothing else, with a gentleman of uncertain career, of whom we learn in the synopsis that he "has come to Dodge City to seek newspaper work and becomes involved in a riot which ends in his being appointed Marshal." As far as I could gather, having been elected to stop the shooting, he shoots anyone, anywhere, and anyhow, throughout the remainder of the film.

FOLKS, I have never seen so much shooting. It starts with some cowboys shooting at a picture in the "saloon" whereupon the Marshal gives us his opening specimen of shooting. After this, it is difficult to keep count of all the shootings without the aid of something like a dart-board or those gadgets used by billiard-markers. Everybody "becomes shot." King Kennedy shoots the music-hall manager and shoots his dog. The manager has a fine shot at King. The Lady of the Town is shot by mistake. Even during the church service an elderly native of Dodge City threatens to shoot a parishioner who refuses to contribute to the collection plate. And the Marshal is prevented from shooting his rival King only by the fact that he has promised the dying Lady of the Town never to shoot any more. This grievous resolution being conscientiously carried out, the film has no more to give us.

BUT the nonsense is well done, and the Marshal is manfully portrayed by Albert Dekker. Claire Trevor gives poise and breeding to a heroine at least as enigmatical as equivocal. It may be that some American blue pencil excised those juicier episodes in the Lady's life which would justify the employment of the semi-opprobrious title.



"The Uninvited" is said to be the First Serious Ghost Film

Based on Dorothy Macardle's novel, "The Uninvited" is the story of a composer, Roderick Fitzgerald (Ray Milland) and his sister Pamela (Ruth Hussey), who buy a haunted house on the Cornish coast, and there come into contact with two female spirits, one gentle, the other malignant. One tries to protect the girl Roderick is to marry, the other to destroy her. Supernatural phenomena play a large part in the story, as shown by the scene above, in which the players are Alan Napier, Ray Milland, Gail Russell, Ruth Hussey

'Fanny' Filmed

Phyllis Calvert Plays Lead
in Screen Version of Michael
Sadleir's Best Seller

Phyllis Calvert won a coveted role when she was chosen to play the part of Fanny in the screen version of Michael Sadleir's much discussed novel, *Fanny by Gaslight*, which is to be presented in London on May 9. Phyllis is one of the most promising of young British stars. Destined originally for the legitimate stage—her first appearance was with Dame Ellen Terry in *Crossways*—she had a wide experience of repertory in Coventry and in York before coming to London. In *Punch Without Judy* at the Q Theatre in 1939 she first met her husband, actor Peter Murray Hill. Since then, apart from a brief appearance on the London stage in *Flare Path* (the cast of which she left to have her baby daughter) Phyllis has concentrated on films. She appeared in *Kipps*, *The Young Mr. Pitt*, *The Man in Grey*. Following *Fanny by Gaslight* she will be seen in *Two Thousand Women* and in *Madonna of the Seven Moons*.



Fred Daniels

Phyllis Wearing one of her "Fanny" Costumes, but Looking Very Much Like Herself



A Parasol, a Bustle and a Bust—and Phyllis is Transformed into a Victorian Lady of Fashion

The Theatre

"Uncle Harry" (Garrick)

By Horace Horsnell

DEATH is still busy in the theatre, bumping off, or more deftly removing, characters from plays with a lethal prodigality reminiscent of the Jacobean shambles. After the Shakespearean, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and *Ten Little Niggers* holocausts, here is another less wholesale essay in murder as a dramatic art to swell the season's casualties. It is an admirable piece of work. The author, Mr. Thomas Job, has the stuff of drama in him, and the skill to cut and fit it to his well-drawn convincing characters. These are not just figments of melodrama, or subjects for stage coroners' inquests, but plausible entities. Their deaths are integral factors in the plot, not mere excuses for sensation or perfunctory cues for ringing down curtains. They live, move, and fulfil their tragic destinies in surroundings that convince, and they breathe the breath of dramatic life.

THE three principals are Harry Quincey, an ostensibly humdrum bachelor, and Hester and Lettie, his dream-starved spinster sisters, lower-middle-class natives of a North Country town. To the women their brother is both a white-headed boy and a bone of jealous contention. On him they lavish the suffocating devotion that no other man has been rash enough to incur. He has become their idol and their slave. From warming his slippers to warning off all followers, they leave nothing unsaid or undone to paralyse his personal initiative and ensure his subjection.

His nickname, "Uncle Harry," is a fond but humiliating tribute to his submission to their smothering thrall. For their sakes he has forsaken romance and resigned himself to the celibate basket their possessive love so contentiously pads for him and so jealously guards. There he dreams, with impotent regret, of what might have been, and the net seems to have closed on him for ever.

His one social relaxation is a mild (and bitter) rehearsal once a week with the Glee Club at the local tavern; and it is there that we first meet him in a prologue-epilogue, four

years after the main events of the play proper. Both sisters are dead—Hester by poison, Lettie by the hangman's rope—and he, vain fugitive from intolerable memories, has become a kind of Ancient Mariner, shunned by his former cronies, and cursed with a passion for self-confession to which no one will listen, though all may suspect its truth.

That confession, which covers the action of the play, is made to a stranger. To us it is both credible and pitiful; for neither Hester's murder nor its dramatization is commonplace. The author's aim is not mere sensationalism, but tragic characterization, and the actors are worthy of their parts.

HESTER, Lettie and Harry are presented in their habits as they might have lived, without a gleam of West End glamour. As characters they might be graduates of the best



"Uncle Harry" (Michael Redgrave), his countenance unchanged as yet by conscience in spite of double murder, proposes to his old love, the conventional Lucy Forrest (Rachel Kempson)



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Left: Glee-singing at the local is Uncle Harry's hobby. His fellow club members are D'Arcy (Arthur Davis), Ben (Lee Fox), Mr. Blake (Hugh Stewart), and Albert (John Garside)

repertory school, and their dramatic virtue is enhanced by the unflattering fashions of the early 1900s. Yet they are victims of fate no less tragic than, from time immemorial, has

given baleful Nemesis her pride of place in the entourage of Melpomene.

Hester's meticulous murder is no plot-bound crime, but the fruit of years of brooding frustration. The cup of cocoa, laced with prussic acid, which Harry prepares and Lettie innocently administers to her sister, ranks with those potions that, in more palatial circumstances, have sped even dynasts on their way to dusty death.

These three characters are drawn and presented with complete conviction. Though their company in life would be a thing to shun, sublimated as they are by art, and insulated as we are by the footlights, they provide absorbing entertainment.

Harry, humourless, goloshed and inexorably self-absorbed, provides Mr. Michael Redgrave with a part he most sensitively fulfils. His performance vindicates his imaginative artistry, and is free from mannerisms. Lettie, the house-proud, savagely sentimental shrew, shows Miss Beatrix Lehmann at her formidable best; and no praise could flatter Miss Ena Burrrill's superb substantiation of Hester, the saturnine neurotic virago. This is marvellously true in appearance, stunning in action, and so uncannily complete that it haunts one's imagination still. As chorus to the tragedy, the homespun glee singers are admirably in tune. So satisfying a union of play and players, rare at any time, gives this honest little drama an irresistible appeal.



Harry's two sisters, the Misses Lettie and Hester Quincey (Beatrix Lehmann and Ena Burrrill) are forever quarrelling. Even a dispute over a china dog causes a family row and a tussle much to the amusement of old Nona, the maid (Susan Richards)



Alexis Rassine and Margot Fonteyn dance the roles created in 1911 and made famous by Vaslav Nijinsky and Tamara Karsavina. Mme. Karsavina herself supervised this revival

After Ten Years

"Le Spectre de la Rose" Revived by
the Sadler's Wells Ballet

● *Le Spectre de la Rose* was revived by the Sadler's Wells Ballet early in February, a few days before the end of the last London season. Since then it has been danced to the Forces in Eastbourne and Aldershot, and to audiences in Cambridge, Derby, Bolton and Hanley, where the Company have appeared while on tour. Now it is being given in London again; the Ballet's two-week season at the Wimbledon Theatre opened on Monday. This brief and lovely ballet, which among Fokine's creations matches *Les Sylphides* for its faultless evocation of the Romantic period, is set to Weber's "Invitation to the Valse." As overture the Sadler's Wells Ballet Orchestra play Glinka's "Valse Fantaisie," perfectly chosen to suggest the romantic gaiety of the ball from which the Young Girl returns to dream of the rose she has been given



For front-cloth Whistler has painted a full-blown flower, enclosing in its heart that Spirit of the Rose who, in the Young Girl's dream, comes to dance with her



Rex Whistler has designed an exquisite room for the Young Girl's dreamy return from the ball, and a garden outside the long, open windows from which one almost senses the cool, fresh scent of a summer night drifting in on the moonlit air

Photographs by Anthony



"*Le Spectre de la Rose*" was first danced by this Company in 1932 by Ninette de Valois and Anton Dolin. Alicia Markova, Ursula Moreton, Idzikowsky and Helpmann were among their successors in the next two years. Now Margot Fonteyn and Alexis Rassine bring the Gautier poem to life again, she ideal in temperament and style for her delicate, tender role, he giving one of his best performances both as a dancer and in character as the half-human, half-elemental being which the poem inspired Fokine to create

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Tribute to Sir Henry Wood

WITH thousands of other music-lovers, the Queen went to the Albert Hall to pay tribute to Sir Henry Wood on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday celebration. She took with her her two daughters, and together they joined in the tumultuous welcome given to the man who has made the London Promenade Concerts an outstanding feature of our national and cultural life.

Viscount Camrose, president of the organising committee of the concert, welcomed the Royal party, and later was able to announce that as a result of the concert some £8000 had been raised towards Sir Henry's Fund for a new



Australian Club Opening

The Duke of Gloucester, Governor-Designate of Australia, with the Duchess opened the Boomerang All-Services Club at Australia House. L.A.C. V.P. Klix, of Victoria, Australia, is with them here

London concert hall, to be called the Henry Wood Memorial Hall.

During the interval Her Majesty received Sir Henry and his two fellow-conductors, Sir Adrian Boult and Mr. Basil Cameron, and with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret talked to them for some time, warmly congratulating Sir Henry on his well-deserved triumph.

Princess Elizabeth in Wales

THE people of Wales were delighted at the Royal compliment that selected their ancient Principality as the scene of Princess Elizabeth's first tour, and gave H.R.H. a great welcome. No one who saw the charming way in which the Princess received this welcome, which might well have proved overwhelming for a person much older than she, could doubt the complete success of the methods of training laid down for her over a period of years by the King and Queen. She is entirely unspoilt and natural, and as she walked with her father and mother through the noisy rolling-mills, with the glaring flares of the furnaces throwing an unnatural light on the scene, and later watched sturdy Welsh dockers handling crates of food and war equipment, she showed intense interest in all she saw. Her rather rare smile lit up her face several times as she talked to girls of her own age at the benches and machines.

Duchess in Glasgow

WHEN the Duchess of Kent visited Glasgow the other day, the Duchess of Buccleuch was able to hand her a cheque for over £900, which had been collected in response to an appeal by the Dumfriesshire branch of the W.V.S. to help the Rescue Fund for the Children of Greece. The Royal Duchess went back with the Duchess of Buccleuch to Drumlanrig Castle, and as they motored through the lovely countryside the Duchess of Buccleuch was able to point out to her Royal guest the various localities which raised £20 here and £50 there by whist drives, etc. H.R.H. is always greatly moved by the generosity and sympathy shown in these ways towards her country, and she had a wonderful reception from the people of the towns and villages through which she passed. At the mining village of Sanquhar (which belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch and contributed £55 to the Fund) the inhabitants turned out to cheer to a man.

Mentmore Sales

LADY CREWE has been visiting her brother, Lord Rosebery, at Mentmore, his fine place near Leighton Buzzard, but is back now and dividing her time with spells at her Chelsea home and her country one at East Horsley. Lord Rosebery was selling some of his property at Mentmore, but the agricultural portions and manor and town farms have been withdrawn, as they have been purchased by a charitable body for investment, which will give the farmers a chance of buying them for themselves. Not so the well-known licensed houses like the Hare and Hounds at Ledburn, which has nearly 20 acres of paddock, the Stag Inn at Mentmore, and the Rosebery Arms at Cheddington, which came under the hammer as previously arranged.

Lady Crewe's daughter, the Duchess of Roxburghe, is seldom, if ever, seen in London,



The Hon. Mrs. Roderick Ward.

In 1940 Miss Valerie Skelton, of Nairobi, married Brig. the Hon. Roderick Ward as his second wife. They have one son, Robert John. Brig. Ward, the Earl of Dudley's eldest brother, was farming in Nairobi before the war, and is in the King's African Rifles

spending all her time in and around her husband's family seat, Floors Castle, in the Scottish Border country. The young Duchess runs most good works in Roxburghshire, but is often seen in Edinburgh as vice-chairman of the League of Pity and chairman of the District Nursing Association's Garden Scheme. She is becoming a very good public speaker, which is not surprising, for Lord Crewe's speeches in the House of Lords always show statesmanlike oratory, and Lady Crewe also has a gift of easy speech, inherited from her father, the late Lord Rosebery, a famous Prime Minister in his day.

(Continued on page 42)



Lord Gort's Son-in-Law Wins the V.C.

Major Philip Sydney, Grenadier Guards, seen here with his family, has been awarded the V.C. for superb gallantry at Carroceto Bridge, in the Anzio beachhead. He is the son of the Hon. William Sydney, brother and heir apparent of Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, and married in 1940, a short time after Dunkirk, the only daughter of Lord Gort, V.C. He and his wife have two daughters, Elizabeth and Catherine

Dining Out

Some Restaurant Snapshots in London



An engaged couple dining together were Major James Averell Clark, D.F.C., U.S.A.A.F., and Lady Bridget Elliot



Capt. T. Fitzwilliam was entertaining Jean Lady Brougham and Vaux one evening at a popular dance club

Photographs by
Swaebe

Right : Mr. Dorsey Fisher, U.S. Press Attaché, dined with Lady Ursula Vernon, the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter



Capt. Miles Marriot and the Hon. Patricia Stourton were waiting for a table. She is Lord Mowbray and Stourton's only daughter



Dinner was over when the photographer caught Miss Susan Sutherland and Major David Laurie deep in conversation



The Hon. Oswald Berry and his twin sister, the Marchioness of Huntly, were at the same table. They are Lord Kemsley's son and daughter



Lady Mary Berry, daughter of the Earl of Brecknock, sat beside the Marquess of Huntly. She was married four years ago

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Anglo-Brazilian Reception

THE reception given by the Anglo-Brazilian Society provided two surprises for the many members and friends present. The first was the cutting of a birthday cake, celebrating the first anniversary of the founding of the Society, and the second was the announcement by the Brazilian Ambassador that Sir Thomas Cook, its chairman, has been awarded the decoration of the Brazilian Southern Cross by the Brazilian Government, who has made Sir Thomas a Commander of that Order. The Brazilian Ambassadress received with Sir Thomas Cook, and looked very smart in a small hat of dark-red feathers, matching the rubies in her beautiful diamond clips. Carmen del Rio provided some delightful Brazilian songs, accompanied by Gerald Moore, the Ambassadress listening with the Portuguese Ambassadress, standing informally by the buffet. The Portuguese Ambassador was also present, and among the throng I saw Sir William and Lady Seeds, Lady Latta, Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, who was later joined by his wife, and various Members of Parliament, such as Cdr. Tufnell and Capt. Plugge, each with a good-looking wife.

International Gatherings

RECENT fashion shows in London have had a more strongly international atmosphere than ever before, and this in spite of transport restrictions. In fact, it might be said that British designer Norman Hartnell has really



Compton Collier

Capt. and Mrs. Michael Brownfield Pope and Their Sons

Capt. Michael Brownfield Pope, M.C., North Irish Horse, was photographed with his wife and children at their farm near Streatley, Berkshire. Capt. Pope was home from abroad for a short course at Oriel College, Oxford. Before the war he was training horses privately for his father, and as soon as it is over he intends taking out a licence. Mrs. Pope was formerly Miss Kathleen Long



Mrs. Ian Purvis

The wife of Lt. Ian B. Purvis, The Rifle Brigade, is the elder daughter of Capt. Alexander Alexieff and Mme. Maria Alexieva. Her husband is the only son of Mr. L. Marchmont Purvis and of Mrs. Alan McGlashan

succeeded in capturing an international clientele. At his recent collection—which was, of necessity, small—I found Mme. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese Ambassador, trying to decide on the wisest investment for her coupons; another there was Señorita Robledo, who was choosing some of her trousseau and discussing it with her mother, Mme. Robledo, who, incidentally, is a great friend of Mme. Santos, wife of the former President of Columbia. The two attractive daughters of Don Miguel Carcano, the Argentine Ambassador, were wisely looking ahead and choosing summer things; and near by Donna Isabel Moniz de Aragaos, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, seemed enchanted with the things she saw—no small compliment, for Donna Aragaos is always beautifully turned out.

Miss Clayre Paton

Miss Paton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paton, of Whitehill, St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire, is engaged to Capt. Tim Bishop, 12th Royal Lancers, brother of Lady George Scott (Molly Bishop, the artist), who did this drawing



Latin-American Exhibition at Brighton

DONNA ARAGAOS recently made her first speech in English and acquitted herself extremely well. She was speaking at the opening of the Exhibition of Latin-American models in the Pavilion at Brighton, which was opened by the Duchess of Norfolk. For a short space, the exhibition restored some of the splendour of the old Pavilion, and one felt the ghosts of Edwardian days must have enjoyed the scene. The Pavilion was, of course, one of the favourite meeting-places of the fashionable crowd which used to frequent Brighton for some months of the year and was at the height of its popularity in the gay 'nineties. The Duchess of Norfolk is well known and beloved around Sussex. Her home is lovely Arundel Castle, and she takes the keenest interest in everything to do with the county.

(Concluded on page 56)





G/O. P. C. Greig was recently appointed Deputy Director of the W.A.A.F. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greig, of Renfrewshire, and earlier in the war was Chief Training Instructor at the W.A.A.F. depot, later holding a staff appointment at the Air Ministry



Mrs. A. J. W. Pitt is an American, and is married to Lt. Arthur J. W. Pitt, R.N., commanding the submarine *Taku*. She has a son and two small daughters, and is working for the American Red Cross Military Welfare Service



Mrs. F. A. Halliday, daughter of Capt. W. S. Kelso, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Kelso, has been in the Women's Land Army for over two years. Her husband, Capt. Sir Lewis Halliday, V.C., Gen. K.C.B., and Lady Halliday, of Loddiswell, South Devon

Women in Uniform



Bassano

Miss Rosamund Honywood, a member of the W.R.N.S., is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. William Wynne Honywood, M.C., and Mrs. Honywood, of Twinstead Manor, Sudbury, Suffolk. Her father, formerly in the 17/21st Lancers, commanded a battalion of the K.S.L.I. during the present war



Bertram Park

Miss Una Hermon, daughter of Major Victor Hermon, D.S.O., late 6th Dragoon Guards, and Mrs. Hermon, of Inverlodden, Wargrave, Berks, and of Northern Rhodesia, is in the W.A.A.F. Her brother, Lt. V. Hermon, is in the Coldstream Guards



Bertram Park

Miss Aileen Seth-Smith, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. K. J. Seth-Smith, of Upton Grey, near Basingstoke, is in the W.R.N.S. Her elder brother is in the Navy, and the younger is a prisoner. Mrs. Seth-Smith was formerly Miss Dorothy de Vin, the well-known violinist

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AT Bergerac in Gascony the R.A.F. up in orange flame, inevitably reminding you, we hope, of Great-Uncle Joe's account of that unforgettable night at the theatre when Coquelin (or Robert Loraine, as the case may be) first swaggered into the Hôtel de Bourgogne, slaying a thousand tender virgin hearts. "Sonnez, clairons! Chantez, coucous!" What a night!

Actually Rostand's glorious five acts are pure technicoloured or *Daily Snoop* hokum. The real Cyrano-de Bergerac was a less flamboyant bloke, as Gascons go. The stage Cyrano would be spectacularly storming the German headquarters in Gascony at this moment, tackling fifty Boches and composing a ballade as he died. The real and shrewder Cyrano would wait for the invasion. There's an old saying in Languedoc that if a Gascon makes a pact with the Devil, the Devil had better watch his step. That is to say, the Gascon boys may be full of vim and zing and over-fond of boasting, but they use their heads.

Good hokum is not to be despised, so long as it has no deliberately poisonous motive, like Kingsley's *Westward Ho*. For this reason we were sorry when the acid Mr. Beresford ("M'Turk" of *Stalky*) recently threw down Kipling's dashing version of their schooldays with biting scorn. Damn it

all, Mr. Beresford, we thought, what's the odds?

Glamouresque

REMARKING justly apropos Hitler's swoop on Hungary, that the Blue Danube is not blue but mud-colour, a Special Correspondent chap agreed that Budapest is the most beautiful and glamorous of cities; as every addict of the musical theatre knows already.

But not invariably. We recently read a novel (translated) by a Hungarian about an unemployed clerk in Budapest. The gay smart restaurants and the gypsy orchestras didn't mean much to him.

When it rained he got wet. Maybe Budapest clerks find romance in novels about the colourful lives of clerks in Leeds and Mr. Smith's tropic passion for Miss Shufflesbotham? We in England could tell them that the glamour of Leeds is mostly commercialised or tourist stuff, like the bright costume of the natives, their picturesque hats and their merry songs. The gypsy quarter or Triana of Manchester equally. Also the magic of Aberystwyth, the Naples of Wales (vide G.W.R.). And Bognor Regis, the Biarritz or the Venice or something of the South Coast (vide Southern Railway).



"Can't you read?"

Footnote

WHEN we see the Doge of Bognor Regis moving out in his bowler hat aboard the State Barge on Ascension Day to wed the sea ("Desponsamus te, mare . . .") and tossing his ring into the Channel ("Old back, Mrs. Bagshaw!") we shall think better of that glamour-spot, but not much.

Cut

SYLVIA ATRICAPILLA—the common blackcap to you—is such a surly little oaf that we weren't surprised to find one of the Nature boys hinting recently that it had insulted one of his collaborators.

"Mr. Smith's bird was completely silent," he said, discussing their early song. He did not say why.

Our unfortunate view is that the entire race of blackcaps may have a "down" on Mr. Smith and have instructed their families accordingly.

"Why not, Ma?"

"Never you mind why, you just put a sock in it good and proper the minute you spot Mr. Smith, see?"

"I don't see why—"

"You shut your beak and do what you're told, you don't want a lot of people writing to the papers about you, fair kill your poor Dad it would and him with his asthma, think of the disgrace."

Along breezes Mr. Smith, cocking a bright agile eye at Nature and her doings, and—lo and look ye! A blackcap, dumb as a Cape Cod oyster and staring most rudely. Chip, chip! Sing, blackcap. Sing for Mr. Smith. Attaboy! Come on, blackcap. Sing, sweetie-pie! Sing for Mr. Smith, your old pal with the contacts. Tweet, tweet! Sing, you odious little feathered basket. Sing for Mr. Smith and the nice inky gentlemen in Fleet Street and Constant Reader and Old Etonian and Disgusted and Wimbledon Resident and all the boys. Chip, chip! Sing, you little deadpan. Who do you think you are, blackcap—Deanna Durbin? The hell with you, anyway.

Not a peep (or, as the Nature boy says in private to his wife, not a

(Concluded on page 46)



"I can't undertake any further orders—I only have a skeleton staff"



A Rehearsal at the Albert Hall

Anatole Fistoulari

Principal Conductor
of the London Philharmonic Orchestra



With Jean Prunier, Leader of the Orchestra



Anatole Fistoulari, Principal Conductor

• Son of a former Director of the Philharmonic College, St. Petersburg, Anatole Fistoulari was born in Kiev in 1907. He left Russia at the age of fourteen, living in Germany until 1924, when he went to France to continue his studies. There he met Chaliapine, who introduced him to Russian opera. For some years he was one of the conductors of the Ballets Russes of Monte Carlo, with which company he toured Europe and America. Shortly before the war he took French citizenship and joined the French Army at the outbreak of hostilities, escaping to England in 1940, when he was invalided out of the Army. Last year it was decided to appoint a principal conductor for the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and the choice of the committee fell on Fistoulari to fulfil the position during the absence of Sir Thomas Beecham, founder of the orchestra. He is admirably suited for the job, with a brilliant career before him, and is very popular with members of the orchestra, for which he has already conducted several concerts during the past four years.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

"blasted" — peep.) Down in the forest something stirred. It was only the gloat of a bird.

Theatre

RECALLING the stately grace of the once-fashionable West End actor-manager, a gossip might have added that the great David Belasco, king of the New York theatre till quite recently, made Irving and Tree and all of them look like small-town J.P.'s.

A chap who was once granted a Belasco private audience told us it was like approaching a cross between the Dalai Lama and a rather aloof Medici Cardinal of the Renaissance, in a décor by Reinhardt. Through half-a-dozen lofty Gothic ante-chambers, windowed with stained glass, fragrant with perfumes and incense and reverberating to the soft chime of Gothic clocks, a kind of willowy female sacristan in a batik soutane conducted him in silence to a high majestic apartment resembling a segment of Rheims Cathedral furnished by Wanamaker's Medieval Art dept. Here the great Belasco was discovered rapt in mystical meditation, his pale, finely-carved features impassive under a tall jewelled window. With a low obeisance the sacristan murmured the visitor's name. The great Belasco extended a well-manicured white hand—whether an amethyst ring flashed simultaneously in benediction our friend can't be certain—dismissed her in a grave, mellow voice ("Rise, Rosa, and leave us now") and motioned the visitor to a high-backed Gothic chair. The audience, he signified with a gesture, might then begin.

Footnote

TREE, who had an impish sense of humour, might possibly have staged this kind of reception for his own amusement, but Belasco was deathly serious. And that's the way we hope you like the big theatre boys to be, figures of mystery, glamour, and fun.

Shock

IF we were that eminent West End *confiseur* recently ordered to pay £21 costs for overcharging for a wedding-cake we'd be wrapped in bitter meditation at this moment, with our tall white biretta over one eye.

What the bride's mother pays for, as the drunkest wedding-guest knows, is not the essential cake but the tiers of plaster superstructure, the Cupid's temples and the birdies and gazebos and fal-lals, which are generally not eaten with the actual cake, though we've met confections of this kind in which you'd hardly know the difference. If the Ministry of Food is going to be awkward about wedding-cakes and treat them as food from foundation to apex, we can see strong-minded or foxhunting dowagers taking a firm line and forcing

guests to eat the whole shooting-match.

"Well, Rapson, what is it?"

"Pardon me, Ma'am, gentleman here won't take his plaster."

"Oh, won't he? What the devil does he think I'm payin' for? Eat up that plateful at once, sir, includin' the bird."

"It's a china bird!"

"I don't care if it's reinforced concrete. Who asked you here?"

"Er—the bridegroom."

"I thought as much. Rapson, give this gentleman a glass of water and let Parker find his things. Good afternoon."

The detectives won't let you snatch your eggstand back as you go out, of course, but you can always get your own back by standing on the doorstep and warning other guests that the house is lousy with cholera.

Caste

SO few members of what a frothing Red Thinker recently referred to as the "Fascist Home Guard officer-class" have been cashiered, as yet, that the news that one of us recently went through the hoop

for fraudulent conversion is a blow to the

whole proud caste, or corps. Maybe our handsome daredevil faces, our gay, elegant uniforms, our exquisitely cut, glossy riding-boots, our fur-trimmed dolmans, our corsets, our champagne orgies, our insolent swagger

and the West End hostesses who fawn round us *Herren Offiziere* of the Home Guard give the Red boys the impression that we are the Devil's spawn. They may not love us, but egad they fear us as we stride along the streets, hitting the proletariat with our switches and winking at their women. You should see us at mess, drinking from actresses' shoes and threatening to carry out some *coup d'état*, or *putsch* and kick up merry hell.

Flaw

IF you read about the dazzling career of that "Lady Bountiful" in the North who got six years in the cooler recently for embezzling some £90,000, you may have noticed that there were peacocks in that sweetheart's life but no doggies. Not a single one.

A fatal mistake. Peacocks on the lawn are decorative but utterly valueless, morally speaking, to any adept of *la haute finance*. One sweet little Scottie with big trusting mournful eyes might have turned Lady Bountiful from her erring ways in time, or, alternatively, had a good effect on the jury. Big financiers know this well and get themselves photographed, long before the crash, in fifteen poses with an Aberdeen or a Sealyham.

When we got away with the big Fenchurch Street merger of 1928 we had a much-loved Scottie actually produced in Court. Nobody guessed he was stuffed, poor sweet.

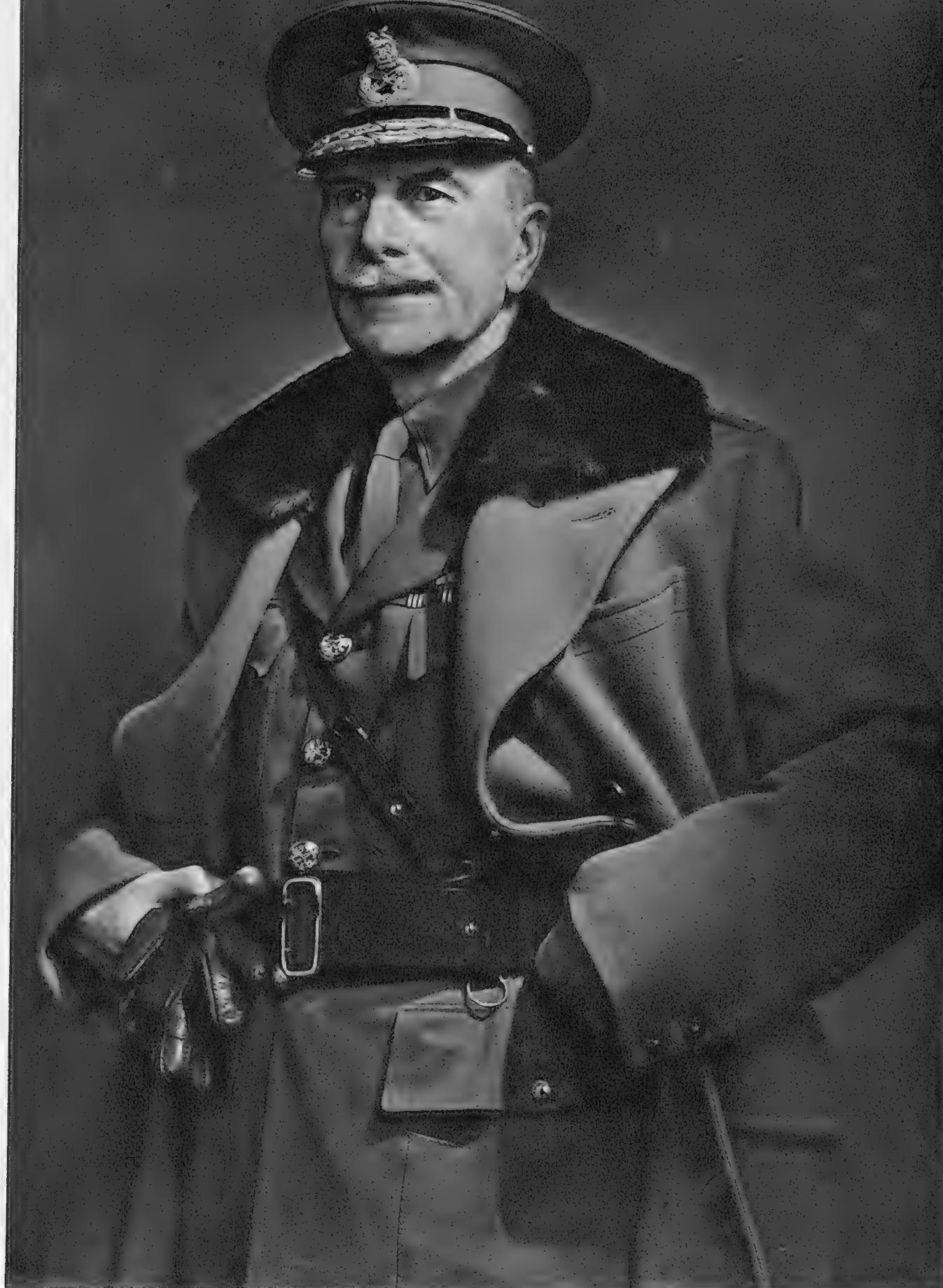
D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Have you bin having the same trouble lately with these husbands suddenly turnin' up from the Middle East—damn tricky, what?"



"No, no, it doesn't belong to me—mine got out three stations back"



Karsh, Ottawa

Maj.-Gen. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.

In 1940, seven months after the beginning of the war, Major-General the Earl of Athlone was appointed Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Canada in succession to the late Lord Tweedsmuir. Since then both he and Princess Alice have proved as deservedly popular in the Dominion as they did in South Africa, where the Earl of Athlone was Governor-General from 1923 to 1930. He was previously appointed to his present post in 1914, but was prevented by the outbreak of war and his military duties from taking up the post



Sergeant John Steven Sweet, of the U.S. Army, was spotted by Michael Powell in the American production, "The Eve of St. Mark" at the Scala last year. As Bob, one of the four modern pilgrims, Sergeant Sweet has his first film part. He is seen here with three village children from Fordwich; Leonard Smith, David Todd and Jimmy Tamsitt, who also appear in the film



George Schjelderup, the well-known linguist whose voice is already known all over the world, wherever the wave-lengths of the B.B.C. may be heard, makes one of his rare appearances on the screen as the fourteenth-century poet, Chaucer



Some of the Old Pilgrims Whose Introduction to the
William Baillie as The Friar

Mrs. C. Spencer as The Prioress

"A Canterbury Tale"

A New Tale About This England
Of Her Unchanging Beauty and Traditions
and of the Old Pilgrims and the New

Photogra



Sheila Sim has the feminine lead. As Alison, a London girl who leaves her job in a departmental store to work on the land, she is the third modern pilgrim. She, too, is new to films. Sheila is engaged to actor Richard Attenborough; they have just completed their first film together. It is "Air Crew" which has been made by the R.A.F. Film Unit



Draws Comparison Between the Old World and the New

Isla Raymonora as The Wife of Bath



Arthur Noble as The Miller

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger set out to make this film with one goal—to pay tribute to England. "This little world, this precious stone set in silver sea." They found their inspiration in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and the Old Road which still follows the ridges from Winchester to Canterbury just as it did six hundred years ago. In the old days pilgrims found their way on foot or, at best, on horse; to-day they pour into the city on motor-cycles, in tanks, on Army lorries. But the spirit is the same. The film begins with the old pilgrims; it passes rapidly to the new, and to four pilgrims of to-day—a local J.P. (Eric Portman), a British sergeant (Dennis Price), an American soldier (John Sweet), and a Land Girl (Sheila Sim). *Canterbury Tale* is to have its world premiere at the Odeon on May 11th

—Ed Daniels



Dennis Price is another newcomer to the screen. He has the part of Peter, a British sergeant who makes the journey to Canterbury simply because he happens to be stationed there, and finds himself a pilgrim. Dennis Price was invalidated out of the Army in 1940. He appeared in Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit," and is now in "Hamlet," at the New



Eric Portman is the only main character who has appeared on the screen before. His first big chance in films was given him by Michael Powell in "49th Parallel." Remember him as the fugitive Nazi? In "A Canterbury Tale" he has an entirely new character to portray. Here as a pilgrim of to-day he is a simple man of Kent, a local J.P. bound up in his love of his own countryside



Bombardier **Billy Wells**, ex-heavyweight champion is not such a newcomer to the screen as you may imagine. You have seen him many times clad in a leopard-skin sounding the gong which heralds the opening of a G.F.D. film. In this he appears as The Knight



Zoltan Glass

President-Elect of the Liberal Party: Lady Violet Bonham-Carter

Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, recently nominated the first woman President of the Liberal Party, has been connected with politics from an early age, though it is only in recent years that she herself has taken an active part in public life. The daughter of the late Herbert Asquith, 1st Earl of Oxford and Asquith, she was born one year after he first entered the House of Commons, and in 1915 she married Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, then her father's private secretary. For several years she devoted herself to bringing up her family of four children, and during this time she refused many offers to stand for Parliament, though taking a leading part in the work of the Women's Liberal Federation, of which she is President for the second time. In 1941 she became a Governor of the B.B.C., where her energetic administrative ability has proved of great value. Always an unfaltering member of the Liberal Party, at the present time Lady Violet is a staunch supporter of the National Party and of the Prime Minister, a friend and colleague of long standing.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

An Equestrian Query

A enthusiastic Centaur has been so engaging as to write to me and say that some recent little suggestions upon Equitation—elastic wrists, waists, etc.—have been of great moral comfort to him, particularly when the horse's front end goes down and his back end goes up, but wants to know what A. should do when the front end goes up and the animal insists upon walking about on his hind legs like a performing dog. This manoeuvre, of course, is designed to induce the Centaur to slide over his tail. There is one quick remedy: sell him! Better still, turn him loose, and let anyone who can catch him, keep him. Once upon a time I knew a flea-bitten grey pest named High Jinks, a reputed descendant of Roi Herode, who could do what my correspondent's animal does for an hour on end—each end alternately, and never move off the ground upon which he stood. Even lighting a lot of straw soaked in petrol underneath him had no effect. He seemed rather to like it, and snorted all the louder. So, perhaps, the force of the suggestion about turning him loose and hitting him a draw over the tail may be appreciated? In the days of Rough Rider Sergeants, a courageous, but now extinct, species, it used to be claimed, that an oil-bottle covered with wicker-work would cure this poodle dog propensity. They filled it with warmish water, and then broke it over the animal's head when he reared. It did not hurt him, but he thought that the warm water was his own gore, and he never reared again. I have seen this tried with, at any rate, temporary success, but whether the illusion remains an abiding one I am not prepared to say. I am only sure of one thing, namely, that all rearers are the product of ham-handed breaking.

The Real Problem

To remain when either the front end or the back end of the steed goes up is *not* the real problem, but to do so when both ends go down simultaneously and the middle piece comes up! Ask any Digger! He'll tell you

all about it. Kicking is good for your back, muscles and your waist-line. It is only bad for those in your immediate vicinity. They hate it and you! After all, however, this business of sitting-on is a minor matter: the big job is very often how to get on at all. Any prize Muttiski can get off, ahead, astern, port or starboard beam, or a mixture of the whole lot, but it demands the master of craft to get on. Sometimes it has to be done in what is called a "crush," a kind of wooden sandwich, in which the horse is the meat. The jockey is then lowered by a block and pulley tackle in a kind of breeches buoy similar to that used in life-saving at sea—and then everyone hopes for the best, whilst fearing the worst. At other times the animal has to be blindfolded with a horse-rug, while someone holds up one of its legs—a fore one, of course, for preference—then the heroic jockey approaches on tiptoe and someone gives him a leg-up, so as not to let the wild beast hear him put his foot in the stirrup. Then again all hold their breath and cross their fingers, because when they pull the horse-rug off his head . . . but perhaps it is better not to continue, since the object is to encourage the study of Equitation and not to put any intending Centaur off. Old Gentleman Hayes (author of all those books) had a theory that if you tied a horse's head to his tail, and thus got his spinal column out of the straight, he couldn't buck. This is quite true, and an excellent remedy; the only bother is, however, that you can't get anywhere on a horse that has to go on revolving! Nevertheless, you may find it an amusing experiment. Another trick is to entice the animal into a deep bog, and then get on him, because, of course, he cannot possibly buck you off. You leave him there until he has a change of heart.

Memorabilia

In view of certain acts, matters and things of the moment, I think that the following short extracts from W. L. Shirer's engrossing book, *Berlin Diary*, may interest anyone who has not read it. He was an American broadcaster in Berlin. Here are the extracts:



A. Rahm

Home Guard Exercises

Major-Gen. C. Edward-Collins and Prince Chula of Siam, members of the same Home Guard, are seen here during an exercise in Cornwall. Behind them is Major Cannings, the training officer

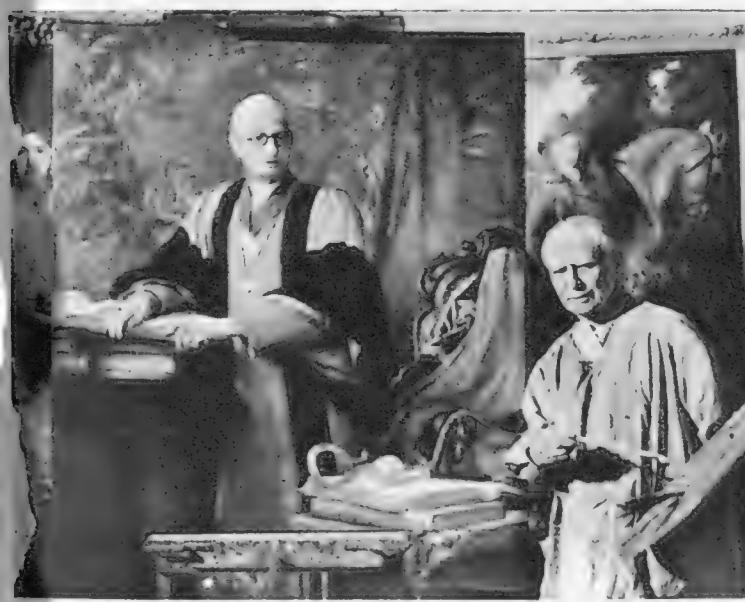
Berlin, August 26th, 1940

"We had our first big air raid of the war last night. . . . Not a plane was brought down. . . . Berliners are stunned. They did not think it could happen. When this war began Göring assured them that it couldn't. . . . They believed him. Their disillusionment to-day therefore is all the greater. . . . There was a pell-mell, a frightened rush to the cellars by the 5,000,000 who live in this town."

Berlin, September 18th, 1940

"Churchill is making a mistake in not sending more planes over Berlin. . . . A mere half-dozen bombers per night would do the job. . . . Morale tumbled noticeably in Berlin when the British visited us almost every evening. . . . The British haven't enough planes to devastate Berlin, but they have enough—five or six for Berlin each night—to ruin the morale of the country's most important centre of population."

(Concluded on page 52)



Artist and Portrait

Mr. H. Harris Brown was photographed putting the finishing touches to his portrait of Dr. P. F. D. de Labilliere, Dean of Westminster. Mr. Harris Brown first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888, and two of his pictures hang in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, and the National Gallery of Ireland



Painting in Cornwall

Mrs. Dod Procter, R.A., was at work in her studio when this picture was taken in Cornwall, where members of the artists' colony are busy preparing for the forthcoming exhibition at the Royal Academy. Mrs. Procter, who lives at Penzance, was elected a Royal Academician last year

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Berlin, December 1st, 1940

"As to British air attacks on Germany, their value so far has been principally psychological, bringing the war home to the weary civilian population, wearing their already frayed nerves still thinner and robbing them of sleep. . . . The Germans, I am convinced, simply cannot take the kind of pounding which the Luftwaffe is meting out to the British in London."

This was written about the little pin-pricks of 1940. How about it now? The German is one of the most temperamental and hysterical breeds of the entire human race. He is all buck and bluster when he is having things his own way. He yelps like a whipped cur when he isn't.

The Sad Tale of a Trompeter

GOOD corroboration of the assertion that the German is one of the most temperamental of mortals at the same time that he is fondest of the sloppiest sentimentality, is furnished by the fact that he will weep salt tears over the misadventures of a probably quite mythical hero, "Der Trompeter von Säckingen." I have no doubt that many people can bear me out in this. The Trompeter's love-story is related in a ballad entitled as just quoted above. I do not pretend to remember it all, but the rough outline is something like this. The Trompeter, who belonged to some Uhlan regiment, was deeply enamoured of a lovely Mädchen of the village of Säckingen, and she reciprocated his martial passion in full measure. Suddenly a beastly war started (*temp. I think Friedrich der Grosse!*), and the Trompeter had to buzz off at cock-crow. Before he went, however, he thought that it would be a good idea to give the lady and the whole village a hell of a serenade; so he blew and he blasted on his confounded trumpet till he nearly burst himself. Then he galloped off to the bloody field of war. As good luck would have it, the whole show was over by tea-time on the same day, and so the Trompeter galloped back again to Säckingen as fast as his old hairy could carry him. Just to let his Mädchen and the rest of the inhabitants know that he was back, he let fly another most awful fanfare. Nobody appeared; not a window opened. The Trompeter did it again louder than ever: same result! Then he saw the village idiot sauntering along. He galloped



D. R. Stua

Eton Rugger XV. Lose Their Last Match of the Season

The Eton College XV., seen here, lost to Beaumont College by 11 points to 21. Their captain, Ranken, was prevented from playing by an injury to his ankle. On ground: R. T. Gibbs, H. R. Hall. Sitting: M. C. Bonson, D. G. P. Norton, A. J. Ranken (captain), C. H. Tidbury, B. E. Basden. Standing: M. R. S. Mitchell, J. P. M. Sleet, R. G. T. Speer, G. B. Fairbairn, R. L. A. Goff, N. G. L. Stratton, C. C. Heselton, A. C. Martin, R. H. Morgan, S/Ldr. Longbottom (referee), M. Thomas (touch judge).

up to him, and yelled: "Where's everyone?" The man grinned and just shook his head. The Trompeter then sprang off his horse and nearly shook the false teeth out of the man, who at last condescended to understand. So he said: "All dead! Alles tot! Your blasted trumpet! But Oi be 'ard of hearing so Oi be alive."

How Come?

In view of a recent pronouncement to the effect that, by reason of certain acts, matters and things which are imminent, all communication with a place now called Eire was to be cut off, it was a little surprising to find the weights for the Irish Grand National published in the

London Press. The betting also was published telling us that Prince Regent was a strong favourite. At the moment of writing I do not know what happened at the Fairyhouse Course on April 10th. In last year's event Golden Jack, who won, had 10 st. 2 lb., and Prince Regent, who was second, 12 st. 7 lb.; that was 22 lb. better terms than in 1942. This year Prince Regent still had 12 st. 7 lb., but Golden Jack got 10 st. 8 lb., which was also the weight given to Lord-Bicester's new purchase, Prince Blackthorn, who had only 10 st. 1 lb. to Prince Regent's 12 st. 7 lb. in the Baldyole One Thousand Pounder on February 12th, in which Prince Blackthorn fell when he looked all over a winner.



Alexander, Ascot

Officers and Men of a Berkshire Home Guard Battalion

These men were winners of a miniature-rifle competition open to Regular Army and Home Guard units in the area. Front row: Lt. F. Oldham (reserve), Lt. G. B. Ellis, Major E. J. Needham, Col. G. F. Gough, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. J. W. Kaye (non-shooting captain and trainer), Lt. H. E. Pettit, 2nd Lt. J. A. Hall. Back row: Sgt. Delaney, L/Cpl. Cook, M.M., L/Cpl. Bussey, Ptes. Thompson, Williams (reserve), Delaney (reserve), Cpl. Hurley



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in the British Isles

Front row: S/Ldrs. C. G. A. Bourring, G. P. Smith, E. S. Gemmell, G/Capt. C. A. Watt, S/Ldrs. F. S. Stewart, A. Cairnie, F/Lt. G. T. Miller. 2nd row: S/O. M. A. Buss, F/Os. S. Morris, H. A. Pook, A. M. Shepherd, F/Lts. G. L. Bateman, R. Robertson, F/Os. P. R. Quiggan, F/Lt. J. I. Hardy, S/O. M. E. Dillon. Back row: F/Os. D. V. Gordon, V. A. Lanos, R. D. Mann, F/Lt. R. W. Curzon, P/Os. J. T. Robins, Holland, C. B. Mullins, F/Lt. A. A. Worthington

On Active Service



Officers in the Royal Artillery

Front row : Lt. J. S. Davis, Capt. P. P. Shervington, Major M. H. Blackwell, Capt. R. A. Johnson, Lt. H. R. Ealey. Back row : 2nd Lt. J. G. Jones, Lts. Hibberd, G. W. Owen, L. E. T. Jones, 2nd Lt. P. Jaques



Squadron Officers at an R.N. Air Station

Front row : Lt. A. T. C. Hazeldine, R.N.V.R., Pay/Lt.-Cdr. Hopkinson, R.N.V.R. Lt. Denman Whately, R.N., Lt. Morgan, R.N.V.R. Back row : Lt. Severn, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt. Shaw, R.N.V.R. Lt. P. G. Lawrence, R.N.



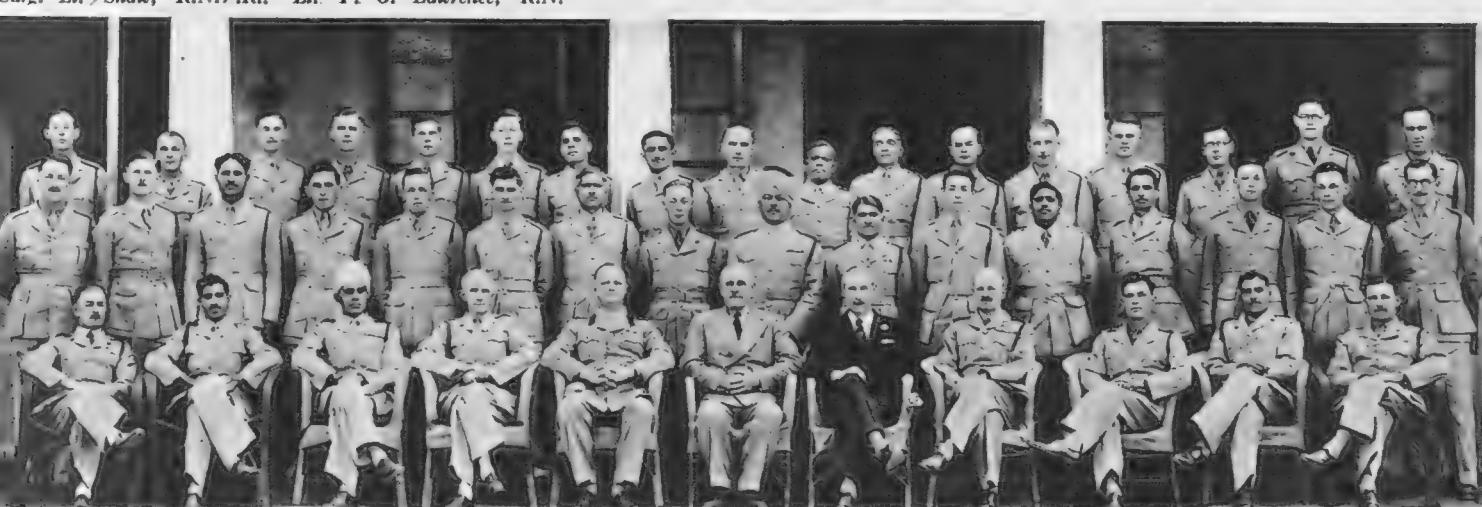
Officers and Warrant Officers of a Fighter Sector H.Q.

Front row : S/O. M. Robison, S/Ldrs. R. Bradshaw, L. Henshall, M.B.E., G/Capt. A. V. Harvey, C. B. E., Station Commander ; S/Ldrs. J. Hendley, M.B.E., Rev. A. Raley, M.C., F/O. I. M. Baker. Second row : W/O. J. Holliday, F/Lts. E. Vinall, H. Robinson, S/Ldr. J. Hunt, F/Lt. L. Rye, S/Ldr. Rev. N. Hurst, S/Ldr. J. Wheeler, F/O. G. Mason, W/O. E. Harbour. Back row : W/O. J. Bailey, F/Os. C. Broomfield, G. Gaffney, B. Price, W/O. J. Mayes, M.B.E., W/O. F. Taylor, F/Lt. H. Rendall, S/Ldrs. N. Shields, Rev. H. McSweeney, W/O. A. Parsons



Officers of a Fighter Squadron Somewhere in England

Front row : F/O. H. C. Richardson, F/Lt. I. A. St. C. Watson, S/Ldr. H. A. S. Johnston, D.F.C., W/Cdr. A. Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., W/Cdr. E. M. Thomas, D.S.O., D.F.C., F/Lt. L. E. Disney, F/O. B. Warren. Middle row : F/O. I. Forbes, F/O. H. Lorand, F/O. J. White, F/O. D. Warren. Back row : F/Sgt. T. E. Cleary, F/Sgt. J. Quinn, F/Sgt. J. A. Haslope, F/Sgt. C. M. Lawson, F/Sgt. J. L. Coward, F/Sgt. E. R. Lewis



The Viceroy with Officers of the Mahratta Light Infantry

Front row : Majors J. S. Barr, Sk. Mohiuddin, A. R. Mohite, Lt.-Col. G. A. Cræford, Col. C. A. Strong, O.B.E., M.C., H.E. the Viceroy, H.E. the Rt. Hon. Sir John Colville, P.C., G.C.I.E., T.D., Governor of Bombay ; Lt.-Col. R. L. Isaacs, Majors F. C. Hardie, B. Dubal, L. A. Wise, M. Kasable, 2nd Lt. A. J. Rose, Sub-Major S. K. Lawand, O.B.E., Sardar Bahadur, M.C., Capts. G. Chavcan, J. P. Jenkins, Lt. K. B. Wagle, Capt. B. S. Ghorpade, I. Lévius, 2nd Lt. C. C. Barber, Capt. G. B. Collings. Back row : Lts. J. G. Turner, R. L. Cock, 2nd Lt. J. H. L. Drakeford, Lts. E. J. Hick, R. C. Reedman, 2nd Lts. H. G. Elliott, A. D. Dicekar, Lt. Hemraj Sharma, Lts. T. A. Smith, B. Ernndkar, 2nd Lt. C. M. Purandare, Lts. W. F. Chasseaud, T. D. Cooper, V. C. Toye, W. D. Brown, 2nd Lt. D. E. Moore, Capt. A. Rigby

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Wonder-Children

KLAUS MANN, whose autobiography, *The Turning Point* (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), I have here, enjoyed, or did not enjoy, the doubtful advantage of being a great man's son. England has been one with the rest of Europe and with America in acclaiming the father's genius: Thomas Mann added the last laurel to Germany's since then dishonoured brow; and so much, for the outside world, was his name identified with his country's claim to civilisation that even the Nazis hesitated before adding his name to their proscribed list. *Buddenbrooks*, *The Magic Mountain* and *Death in Venice* are, I think, the most widely known of his works; but these, almost all translated, have been many, and the unchecked rise of his reputation was signalled by the award to him of the Nobel Prize.

Thomas Mann ("the Magician" to his children) had been the sensitive product of a secure society; his eldest son, Klaus, equally sensitive, was to grow up, to seek and to find himself in a world in chaos. It was true that for many years the graceful calm of their home, with its core of mystery that was their father's study, continued to give the lie, for the Mann children, to the insanity fast surrounding it. Not for nothing was Thomas Mann—with his rectitude, his fastidiousness and that strange sense, shown in his art, of what is at once deathly and beautiful in tradition—the son of a Hanseatic merchant prince and of a Brazilian mother, brought back as a shivering bride to dwell on the Baltic coast. Lübeck lives in his novel *Buddenbrooks*; a pair of branched gold candlesticks from the Lübeck home of his childhood stood in the writer's Munich study, and were to go with him through the wanderings that followed his self-imposed exile from Germany. Unlike his brother and fellow-writer, Heinrich, with his quicker contempts and hostilities, Thomas Mann was the poet-novelist of the doomed old order that had given him birth. And the austere dream from which the novels were bred did, to an extent, direct Thomas Mann's own life. The young, dark-eyed Munich girl he sought as a bride had at least a touch about her of the fairy princess—adored by a group of brothers and by the distinguished guests at her parents' house. It was she who became the "Mielein" of her six children's love; the princess of the courtship days had to sacrifice her dream, from time to time, to reality, in order to steer the family ship through troublous waters. However, at whatever might be the cost, she seems to have kept round her loved ones a sort of enchanted circle: nothing was let through to disturb her husband's creativeness, and the young Manns enjoyed that ideal childhood from which it is always difficult to escape.

Unhappy, bored or lonely children may console

themselves with an imaginary world; but at the bottom of their hearts they are realists. Klaus Mann, his almost-twin sister Erika, and their four younger brothers and sisters were neither bored, unhappy nor lonely—in fact, almost too much the reverse. The danger, in their case, was that of remaining in love with the illusion that their parents projected round them—an illusion, above all, with regard to themselves. Clement air is good for the spirit, as for a plant—but can some air be *too* clement? Klaus and Erika (at least, by *The Turning Point's* showing) were not, in the vulgar sense, spoiled. But, just as some children are brought up like little royalties, these two were brought up like little geniuses. Their father's perfectionism, their mother's solicitude for it, could not fail to affect them. Can one wonder both clung, till late on into their twenties, to the privileged childishness of the wonder-child?

Not So Good

IT is the analysis of this wonder-child state of mind that makes *The Turning Point*, as an autobiography, so fascinating. It is an analysis undertaken with a self-mockery never forced or extreme, or with, should one say, a mockery of the former self, for Klaus Mann is now cured: he has grown up. Half-a-dozen other good qualities add to the book's value, but not one of them is so unique. It appears that for Thomas Mann's fair-haired eldest son, first as a boy, then as an adolescent, the world seemed one great fun-fair—when it was not a stage. The same went for his sister Erika; she was his senior, in point of time, by one



Karsh, Ottawa

Stephen Leacock, known to many thousands all over the world as one of the world's greatest humourists, has died in Canada at the age of seventy-five. Stephen Leacock was born at Swanmoor, in Hampshire, and taken to Canada at the age of six. He graduated from Toronto University and was for thirty years Lecturer in Political Economics at McGill. Some of his best-known works are "Literary Lapses," "Behind the Beyond," "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy"

year and nine days, but the two felt that as twins they would be more effective: accordingly, twins they were. As such, they led the young gang that (mildly) terrorised a sedate Munich suburb; as such, at round about twenty, they invaded America. The progress of "the literary Mann twins" round the dazzled States was redeemed, one must say, by insouciance from being quite a stunt. Only hotel managers, with lengthy bills in hand, remained impermeable to their joint charm; cents were scraped up to cable home for more money.

Always, however, for Klaus lay latent one kind of bitterness: was he no more than cashing in on his father's fame? He indicates a deep, frantic feeling of rivalry—not strictly even rivalry, for it was so one-sided. Thomas Mann, not only as father and friend, but as the established artist, was unexceptionable: his tact, courtesy, sympathy and encouragement to the would-be artist that Klaus was never failed. He watched his son's output of morbid, precocious plays. Perhaps he was too civilised, too reticent; perhaps he carried non-interference too far—there is a suggestion that that Thomas Mann who wrote with such consummate art about complex, fine-strung young people, found fatherhood a saddening, puzzling affair. He afforded his eldest son and daughter a freedom that had almost no limits, but did he, from that cloistered study with the old Lübeck candlesticks, quite envisage the dangerous world in which they found themselves free? Mild decay, bloomed over with beauty, had been the father's subject; out-and-out pandemonium became the son's.

"Thirty-five Years in this Century" is *The Turning Point's* sub-title—
(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I CANNOT imagine anybody who has arrived, as I have, at that age which, though accounted as ripe, should be eaten quickly, without feeling that any mantle of minor prophet could not easily become him. At certain moments, indeed, I am convinced that Jonah, with or without his whale of a story, or any Sunday newspaper astrologer cannot come it over me!

Why so, you may or may not ask. Well, my prophecies are sure, but extremely simple. For example, I put on my winter vest and pants to keep myself warm, and sit back to predict a heat-wave. I replace my winter vest and pants by something light and airy, safe in my prophetic vision of immediate frost. I await, with all the anxious longing of a fearful heart, the coming of the letter which will make me happy, certain of a future which will bring it to me only after I have given up all hope and the glamour consequently has departed from it.

I know it will be a lovely afternoon if I carry a mackintosh, and that, contrariwise, I shall be drenched to the skin if I leave it at home. When the wartime larder is bare, I foresee the certain arrival of unexpected visitors, and when that same larder has become replenished I shall be neglected of all men. Sunday morning, when I may lie in bed, I shall long to get up early; while on Monday, when perchance I must get cracking with the dawn, I will give five pounds to any charity merely to remain comatose. Counting the hours

By Richard King

which separate my Beloved from Myself, when the reunion at length occurs, I shall be tortured by a bunion or a boil. On the other hand, should my spirits feel as if their buoyancy could remove mountains, she will miss the appointment.

I know beforehand that I shall not receive the one thing I want as a Christmas present; yet equally sure am I that the income-tax collector will not fail me. I would, indeed, dread to win some huge sweepstake, since I should feel sure it would premise my immediate demise. On the other hand, I am equally certain that bankruptcy would find me in blooming health. Small wonder, then, that as one grows more experienced, the mantle of any minor prophet sits as easily upon our shoulders as a coat two sizes too big.

Sometimes it amuses you; sometimes it breaks your heart. I once knew a man whose wife threatened to leave him. He offered to help her to pack. Now he has her for breakfast until Death part them. Had he wanted her to go, he should have stormed. Fate has the strangest sense of humour, especially in little things. The wisdom of experience consists in laughing at her, since with her you cannot laugh. That usually leaves her flummoxed. In her bewilderment, she may even deign to discover your fallen collar-stud on that morning when, in the midst of desperate haste, it has rolled into the limbo of lost collar-studs beneath a Victorian wardrobe.



Carmichael-Wynter

Major John Hyndford Carmichael, late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. Kathleen M. Wynter, of 18, South Street, W., were married at Caxton Hall Register Office. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Molloy, of Co. Roscommon



Campbell Ward—Peters

Lt. R. A. A. Campbell Ward, D.S.C., R.N., younger son of Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Campbell Ward, of Harrogate, married Miss Betty Frances Peters, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Peters, of Beaconsfield, Bucks., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Beck—Brenchley

Baron Rolf Beck, son of Baron and Baroness Beck, of Geneva, Switzerland, and Mrs. Brenchley, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Hugh Fletcher, of 19, Empire House, Thurloe Place, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Fielding—Bolton

The Hon. Hugh Richard Fielding, R.A.F.V.R., fourth son of the late Viscount and Viscountess Fielding, and Miss Sheila Katharine Bolton were married in the Lady Chapel, Westminster Cathedral. The bride is the only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. C. A. Bolton, of Lindfield, Sussex



Westmacott—Grayson

Left: The marriage of W/Cdr. I. B. Westmacott, D.F.C., and Mrs. Babette Grayson took place at Kingsway Hall, London. The bride is the daughter of Count and Countess Vivian Hollender



Gordon—Graham

Major John Howard Gordon, R.A., younger son of Mrs. Forbes, of Malt House, Greywell, Hants, and Miss Hilary Graham, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Graham, of 18, Heath Rise, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 42).

Good Work

LADY ERRINGTON and Lady (Anthony) Meyer are still living in a remote part of the country, where for several months past they have been running a mobile library for the Forces, covering a wide area. Lady Meyer has had a large trailer made for her car, which can carry many hundreds of books, and a very varied collection they are, of necessity, so as to suit all tastes. At one time in response to the urgent appeals for voluntary helpers, Lady Meyer drove a postal mail-van, and she and Lady Errington added to their duties the responsibility of collecting letters from pillar-boxes in the orthodox and official manner. Another hard worker in the national effort is Mrs. Lionel Heald, the wife of G/Capt. Lionel Heald, K.C. (Owing to a slip of the pen, we referred to G/Capt. Heald in a recent issue of *The Tatler* as P/O. Heald. This was obviously a mistake, and we apologise.) Mrs. Heald works for the Red Cross and St. John Joint War Organisation at their headquarters of the Wounded and Missing Section in Belgrave Square. This department deals with all enquiries about our wounded and sick soldiers in all theatres of war, and receives and transmits mail from the wounded to their next-of-kin in this country.

In Lincolnshire

ANOTHER hard worker in the national effort—this time in Lincolnshire—is Mrs. de Paravicini. Mrs. C. de Paravicini operates the Princess Helena Victoria Entertainments Van, which is equipped with a small piano, two gramophone turntables, microphone and loudspeaker, a small library and 150 gramophone records. This van visits lonely gun and searchlight sites (three a day, five days a week), and about an hour's programme is given on each site. Audiences vary from five upwards, and small parties of voluntary artists are carried. During the summer the men and women sit on a gun or on the grass around the van; in bad weather a hut is cleared and the piano and microphone carried in. It is all very informal but very successful, owing to the unfailing friendliness and good humour of Mrs. de Paravicini: it is undoubtedly a very necessary and splendid work keeping in touch with these men and women so that they realise, however isolated they may be, they are never forgotten.

For Prisoners of War

MORE than one thousand pounds was raised for the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund for Prisoners of War at a Soirée Dansant organised by Mrs. Madge Clarke and held recently in London. Side-shows, a cabaret and an auction helped to swell the funds. The room was beautifully decorated with masses of daffodils and spring flowers brought up from Wales by Lady Newborough, President of the Dance Committee. She had a large party with her, as, too, had Mrs. Norman Crowther, the Chairman. Among the lucky prize-winners were Mr. W. W. Wakefield, who got a basket of oranges.



Miss Patricia
Lee Morris

Miss Morris, Viscountess Leverhulme's elder daughter, is eighteen, and at present at a Domestic Economy School at Malvern. She is waiting to be called up for the W.R.N.S.

Left: The wife of Capt. Peter Allpress, R.A., was formerly Miss Joy Owen-Evans. Her husband is a prisoner of war in Germany, and has not yet seen his daughter, Jennifer, now eighteen months old

Eric Ager

Mrs. Peter Allpress and Her Daughter

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

and what a thirty-five years! Klaus Mann was born in 1906: he was thus eight years old when the 1914 war broke out, twelve at the time of the Armistice; and his adolescence was passed in immediately post-war Germany:

Only fourteen! . . . Your boyish face, blank and fair, tries very hard to assume a tragic expression. Brooding over your diary, just before dinner-time, you seek to vocalise what burdens and inspires your heart. Finally, you write down these words:

"Night falls, once again. Another night!—how dull! . . . I must, must, must become famous!"

Youth is appallingly selfish. A lad of fourteen, like an animal—or a genius, has a remarkable ability to overlook all problems and phenomena save those which directly appeal to his appetites. Never before or afterwards in my life have I been so intensely narrow-minded as during the period from my thirteenth until my seventeenth year. So absorbing was my concern in art and literature that I became impervious to all social or political issues. Even as a child I had been more observant and realistic. The upheaval of 1918 and the turmoil of the following months were the last political events I witnessed with the naive keenness commanded by children alone.

The child's-eye view of the 1914 war is interesting, though one must never discount the fact that the Manns, as a German family, were not typical: Thomas Mann was, even then, to lose German favour on account of his moderate attitude. And, again, the lowering bitterness of defeat was to be kept from the children of that exceptional home. The Manns were, before everything, Europeans; and, as intellectuals, had their place in a world which cuts across national barriers.

Yet, due to the war, or to war-rot, was the tragic fall of Jennie—the devoted, cheerful and trusted family servant who has been such a character in the early part of the tale. Jennie is exposed; suddenly, as a kleptomaniac and a nymphomaniac: brought to trial, she pours out arrears of hate. Dismissed, she continues to haunt the Manns' garden, a half-crazed and wholly malign ghost. One feels this first shock, this first crack across their illusion, must have acted upon the children more powerfully than they knew. After that nothing, however bad, was impossible, and no break-up that Klaus Mann describes later succeeds in impressing one quite so deeply; indeed, the disintegration of that once-decent woman seems symbolic of what was to happen to Germany.

The first part of *The Turning Point* is the best. Klaus Mann can write brilliantly (see his description of Garbo, page 118, and of the glimpse of Hitler wolfing strawberry tartlets on page 189). Equally, his style can be very tiresome, which is not a matter of language, for which one should make allowance, but a matter of thought. Many passages seem overloaded, and ought to be cut: at the start I was put off by this, as you may be also. But do not fail to read on: *The Turning Point* should rank as one of the documents of a generation.

Peter Cheyney

"THEY NEVER SAY WHEN" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is Peter Cheyney's twenty-first, or "Coming-of-Age," novel. The reputation of this highly individual thriller-writer has shown the momentum and gathering magnitude of, one might say, an electric snowball: his public, it would appear, increases with every book. In the first place, a man may stumble on popularity by more or less blind chance, by striking a lucky vein, but to maintain popularity really takes something—and Peter Cheyney, clearly, has what it takes.

Unlike what I might respectfully call the Cheyney-addicts, I come fresh to *They Never Say When*, my first Cheyney thriller: I cast my first glance, with awe, at Mr. Callaghan, whose lack of scruples, charm, toughness and what-have-you are by now famous in four continents. Now and then I wished that he would keep off the bottle—not always, simply from time to time. His dependence worries me; for I watch Callaghan Investigations converging upon the drink shortage—may not its chief, without whisky, brandy and gin, become not much more effective than a car without petrol? A war (this present one, I believe) is on, but happily it interferes with nothing. Glamour, unthreatened by mended stockings, reigns—and can one be grateful enough?

The fact is that Mr. Cheyney, whose technique, coupled with joie de vivre, I cannot enough admire, has succeeded in creating a time-proof world: in this even the seasons make little difference—Paula Denys, whose virtue wins out, wears a fur coat in August. The magnetism and inscrutability of the characters—who fascinate as unfailingly as they double-cross each other—are great factors. The dialogue, husky with drink and sex-appeal, has a tempo that never slackens. In pursuit of the Denys coronet, the wilds of Mayfair and Knightsbridge are traversed.



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Shirtmaker . . . Marshall and Snelgrove, London—£4 10s.

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DORVILLE
FOR THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A CERTAIN music-hall manager made a firm rule that he would never see any one without an appointment.

A persistent applicant, who had tried all sorts of ways to get in to see the manager, thought he had found a way out of the difficulty. He sent in a note from the inquiry office, describing his turn and adding:

"I bet you a drink you don't see me."

In a few moments back came his note with these words scribbled on it:

"What'll you have?"

LITTLE Betty seemed heartbroken when her pet canary died, and to pacify her, her father gave her an empty cigar box, and with much ceremony assisted in burying the box in the garden.

"Daddy," whispered Betty, after the funeral was over, "will my birdie go to heaven?"

"I expect so," replied the father. "Why?"

"I was only thinking," murmured the child, "how cross St. Peter will be when he opens the box and finds it isn't cigars after all."

WHEN the name of the plaintiff was called out in court, much to every one's amazement, he stood up in the jury box.

"What are you doing there?" snapped the clerk.

"I was called to serve on the jury," was the meek reply.

"But you must have known you couldn't sit on a jury and try your own case?"

"I suppose not," admitted the plaintiff. "I did think it was a bit of luck."

A SCOTSMAN stood on the bridge gazing idly at the water. A canoeist coming down the river suddenly overturned. He went down and came up gasping. The Scot looked on. Down he went the second time.

When he came up again the Scot shouted to him:

"Say, mon, if ye dinna come up the next time, may I ha'e the boat?"

WITH smiles that verged on the acid, the two young actresses were discussing their art.

"I've got a part in the new show at the Orpheum," boasted the blonde.

"Speaking part?" asked the brunette in edged tones.

"Oh, no, the producer said I was just too sweet for words."

THE old negro laundress came one day with a tale of woe.

"Cheer up, Mandy," said her mistress consolingly.

"There's no use worrying."

"How come dere's no use in worryin'?" the darkie demanded. "When de good Lawd send me tribulation He 'spect me to tribulate, ain't He?"

AN inmate of an asylum was about to be discharged as cured. As he was preparing to leave, the superintendent called him in and asked about his plans.

"Well," was the reply, "I was admitted to the Bar, so I may practise law. I used to be an accountant, so I may become a book-keeper. I speak six languages, so I could be an interpreter. If I find the going tough, I may become a house painter or a carpenter."

With that he arose, placed his left hand on his hip, the back of his other against his forehead, extended his fingers, and added: "Or—I may become a tea kettle!"



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Hermione Gingold's Understudy

Ilena Sylva has deputized for Hermione Gingold on several occasions with great success. They are appearing together in "Sweeter and Lower"—second edition of J. W. Pemberton's great success at the Ambassadors "Sweet and Low." Ilena (seen in her "Borgia Orgy" costume) distinguished herself in the first edition with a particularly fine impression of Madge Elliott as the Merry Widow in the skit "Arsenic and Old Shoes"

THIS is an American propaganda notice.—

Our forefathers did without sugar until the thirteenth century, without coal fire until the fourteenth century without buttered bread until the fifteenth century, without potatoes until the sixteenth without coffee, tea and soap until the seventeenth, without pudding until the eighteenth, without gas, matches and electricity until the nineteenth, without canned goods until the twentieth, and we have had automobiles for only a few years. . . .

Now, what was it you were complaining about?

DOES your uniform fit? asked the sergeant.

"Perfectly," said the recruit.

"And your cap?"

"Perfectly."

"And your boots?"

"Perfectly."

"Lumme, man, you must be deformed."

THE American soldier didn't like the food set before him in a restaurant near Piccadilly Circus. The meat was overcooked, the green waterlogged, and the potatoes lukewarm.

He called for his bill leaving a barely-touched plate on the table. The ageing waiter was shocked.

"Wasting food like that!" he said. "Don't you know that food will win the war?"

"Maybe," retorted the American. "But where gonna get the enemy to eat here?"



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Full Gale

At the end of last month permission was given for the newspapers to refer to "a new fighter" for the Royal Air Force. It is worth noticing what a problem the censors have to face. The German technical papers are always speculating about new British designs and obviously some of the speculations come near the truth. Are the censors therefore to lift their bans? And if the German speculations find repetition in the publications of our Allies are our censors then to confirm them?

I have never felt that the censors have been responsible for unnecessary hold-ups on air matters. After all they have to bear in mind that the safety of the operational crew is their first concern, not the instruction of the lay public. Working to their existing terms of reference the air censors have done extraordinarily well. But it is arguable that the terms of reference might be modified. I doubt if the publication of general facts about new aircraft and new engines helps the enemy. When people argue that it would I am fond of quoting the late Sir Henry Royce.

Five Years

At the time of the Schneider Trophy races some Air Ministry officials who were listening to Sir Henry Royce giving out to a number of newspaper reporters the fullest details of the Rolls-Royce R engine were horrified and sought to restrain him, the whole matter being regarded as secret. But Sir Henry then expressed the view that if he gave our competitors (the Italians in this case) the fullest information about the R engine, together with all relevant drawings, it would still take them five years to produce one which worked. Whether other engineers would subscribe to that view and whether it would apply to airframes as well as to engines I do not know. But coming from such an authority it was worth heeding.

Names

Not very great powers of crystal gazing are needed to predict the probable names of the aircraft and aero-engines which will later come into service in the



Johnson, Oxford

Stoking Up in Preparation for a Crack at the Hun

Engineers of the Second Tactical Air Force, which will soon be hitting at Germany's "Atlantic Wall," seem cheerful at the prospect before them. Here are S/Ldr. A. W. Caswell, S/Ldr. R. F. Arnold, G/Capt. W. Disbrey, O.B.E., A.F.C. (Chief Engineer Officer), S/Ldr. R. J. Andrews, W/Cdr. S. J. Field, S/Ldr. H. M. Langley, F/Lt. G. Payne and P/O. A. C. Marshall having a celebration in anticipation

Royal Air Force. The Rolls-Royce engines, for instance, go from Hawk to Kestrel to Merlin to Griffon with a few others in the same phylum (if that is the right word). The Hawker aircraft go from the Hurricane to the Typhoon (though not to the Whirlwind). The Bristol engines go from the Pegasus to the Mercury to the Hercules. Thought-reading powers are not needed to guess the probable names of future types or the probable manufacturers which go with future names.

By the way, I wish that some manufacturer would take to calling its aircraft by the names of great pilots of the past. I feel that men like Ball, Barker and Mannock, among the fighting men, and Alcock, Hinkler and Hinchliffe, to mention only a few, ought to be remembered in the names of aircraft.

Marvellous Mosquitos

The more one hears of the work of the de Havilland Mosquito the higher must be one's admiration for

it. It works as bomber, fighter, photographic reconnaissance machine, intruder, transport aircraft and other things. And here is the paradox; that it was first designed and built as a more narrowly specialized type than almost any other war machine. It was built without compromise for speed and that is why it is so good to look at. Only after it had proved itself did it begin to extend its sphere of duties. All of which suggests that the right way with new designs is to let them go in accordance with the designer's central idea and only afterwards to modify them in order to make them do other jobs. We have too many awful examples of what happens when one tries to design an aeronautical *bonne à tout faire*. The result is a sort of slovenly incompetence. Let the aircraft be made first of all as an aircraft and it will be pretty sure to turn out a good war machine afterwards.

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

BEFORE the war the aviation interests were active in trying to reduce the smoke nuisance. It was to their benefit to stop factory chimneys from belching too much blackness because of the difficulties of finding the way in low visibilities. More recently all this pressure for reform has been diminishing. It is not only because nearly all flying is military flying, but also because there is a mistaken idea abroad that navigation aids and blind flying equipment make the airmen indifferent to visibility. The fact is that these aids, valuable though they are, can never make the airmen indifferent to visibility. It is always and will always be better to fly in clear air than in air laden with soot particles. The amenity experts having failed to move the factors in this matter (and such laws as there are seem inoperative), it rests with the aviation interests to resume the campaign and keep at it. Manchester and Birmingham and Glasgow will never be places it is pleasant to fly to until they have cleared their respective airs a bit.

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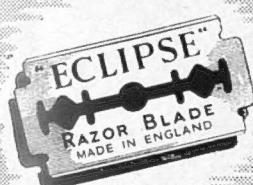
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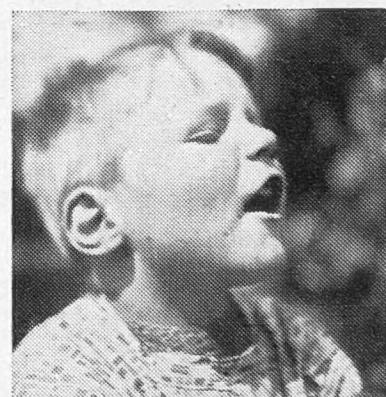
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